

A
SUPPLEMENTARY
JOURNAL,
TO THE
ADVICE
FROM THE
Scandal. Club;

For the Month of SEPTEMBER, 1704.

To be continued Monthly.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCIV.

T H E

INTRODUCTION.

THis Society, having been design'd for examining and censuring Things Scandalous, and openly deserving Reproof; has insensibly been drawn into the difficult, nice, and unsatisfying Work of resolving Doubts, answering Questions, and deciding Controversies, Things absolutely remote and foreign to their first Design.

And as, perhaps, the Hand that operates in this Work, being *allegorically* rather than *significantly* call'd a *Society*; may be for sundry Reasons uncapable of Performance in so vast a Variety as is like to come before him: So he thinks no Injury to the Undertaking, to let the World know, they must be content to be answered in the best manner he can.

He assures the World, here is not, as was pretended in the *Athenian Mercury*, a Professor in all the Heads, which the Inquisitive World can propose; as long as the Fountain ye apply to, *will cure*, you are all welcome to the Waters. If the Spring at any time runs dry, Gentlemen, you must conclude *Ultra posse non est esse*, and be content to remain as wise as you came; since 'tis resolv'd to make use of no borrow'd Streams, but what the World shall be acquainted with.

And this last Clause, *of the World being acquainted*, is put in upon this Account; That if any material Question is laid before us, which the Author is not qualified to answer, he resolves to publish the Question, and summon the Assistance of the more Capable Part of the World, to send in such Solutions as they think useful.

Nor is he at all concern'd at the Publication this will make of his own; I take him to be the wiser Man by far, who acknowledges the Defects he finds in his own Understanding, than he that pretends to know more than he really does.

I hope no Man will Censure me, for not knowing how to answer all the Questions Mankind can propose; I have heard, that one Fool may ask more Questions, than all the wise Men in the World can answer; but I never heard, that one wise Man could answer more Questions than all the Fools in the World could ask.

Not that the Author of this Paper publishes himself for a wise Man; but if to know his own Ignorance be a Part of Wisdom, he hopes he may put in for a Share.

And on this Account he declares, that answering Doubts, resolving Questions, and deciding Controversies, were as remote from his Thoughts, when he began this Paper, as making a Map of the World in the Moon.

But the Consequence of Things, as is already noted, has hook'd him in, and he finds his Table spread with Cases of Conscience, Enigma's, Difficulties in Philosophy, in Politicks, in Æthicks, Oeconomicks, and what not. *Jean Tredeſcant*, in his Chamber of Rareties, had not a greater Variety than he has, and is like to have

Here are Questions in Divinity, Morality, Love, State, War, Trade, Language, Poetry, Marriage, Drunkenness, Whoring, Gaming, Vowing, and the like.

All that the Author of this Paper thinks fit to say to it, is this; Gentlemen, he does not pretend, as before, to be capable of answering all these Questions, but in such as are material, and to the Purpose, he resolves to do his best to divert you; and they who are not pleas'd, ought to accept the Endeavour; if not, they are welcome to trouble him or themselves no more.

But he cannot close his Introduction, without giving some General Cautions to all those Gentlemen, who think it worth their while, to send any thing of this Nature to the Society.

1. He humbly desires of the World, to send no Ensuring Questions: This Paper is design'd, Gentlemen, for your Instruction, or your Diversion; and the Author again repeats it to you on his Word, he never made One Shilling Advantage by it in his Life; tho' at the same time, by the Encouragement it has unexpectedly met with, it appears a profitable Paper too. Now *it would be very unkind*, that a Man who employs some time to please and delight you, should be drawn into any thing, by Questions of double Construction, and Insinuating Nature, to his Prejudice; and tho' the Author has some Confidence in his own Watchfulness, and has met with Attempts of this Nature, not a few, whose Cloven Feet he has discern'd, and accordingly detested; yet, as before, *'tis very hard* he should be forc'd always to stand Centinel upon his Life, and be the Garrison as well as the Fortification of his own Safety, while he attacks no Body but openly and aboveboard.

2. He desires not to have the Trouble of trifling things, whose Importance he observes also is generally stronger than those of more Moment; and only gives Notice, that as he hopes to make the Collection worth a Man's keeping, and worth Posterities Reading: So those Gentlemen who are pleas'd to give themselves the Trouble to send things of much Meanness, and below the Quality of the Design, must not take it ill to be laid by, and omitted. Our Supplement is made for Want of Room in the Current Paper; and it would be preposterous to fill it up with Trifles and foolish Things; it would make an Absurdity too gross to be born with, and would merit, being brought before our own Society.

Any thing Curious, any thing Experimental, either in History, in Politicks in Physicks, will be exceeding grateful; and as the publishing such things will be as useful as pleasant, the Author shall think himself and this Work, highly oblig'd to the Gentlemen who shall please to Communicate such things.

Those People that object against this Part of the Work being too large to bind up with the Collection of the Reviews, and yet necessary to go with them, because of the Connexion of Story and References from one to the other, are thus answer'd.

1. It sh^d all be endeavour'd to order the Volumes of the Reviews to end something sooner, that the Addition of these Supplements may not make them too bulky to bind together.

2. It shall be endeavour'd to make them as Independent of one another as possible; that at least it may be absurd to bind them up apart.

Some we know have no Relish of History, and value therefore only the entertaining Part of the Review; and from such, we have been often sollicit^d to leave off troubling our selves with the grave puzzling Part of the Paper, telling a long Story of the *Swedes*, *Hungarians*, and the Lord knows what, and bring our Paper to all Mirth, Pleasantry, and Delight, and promise to furnish us with Matter enough.

Others, and as many in Number as the former, frequently press us to leave off Jest^{ing} and Bantering, as they call it, and pursue the vast Work which the Title leads to, and which the first Sheets promis'd, *viz. A Review of the Affairs of France*, a Subject, say they, truly fruitful, of a vast Variety, and suited to an Undertaking of the greatest Magnitude; and 'tis Pity it should be clog'd with the Impertinence and Nonsense of the *Scan. Club*; and thus we are brought before our own Society both ways.

Now, Gentlemen, as this Design was not at first undertaken without a full Prospect of all this Variety of Judgments and Censures; So in all this, there seems nothing material enough, to turn the Author from pursuing his first Design, which is the middle between these two Extremities.

'Tis true the History of the Affairs of *France*, in all the vast and unobserv'd Parts of its Growth and Increase, is *the main and Original Thought*; and if the Author lives to carry it on, shall be brought in its due Time to the full Period, where Providence shall place it at the very End of this Work.

But as all Men are not Historians, and even many of those that are, care but for a little reading at a time; this Design was laid to bring such People to read the Story; which if it had been always serious, and had proceeded too fast, had been too Voluminous, too Tedious, either for their Leisure or Inclination; and thus we wheedle them in, if it may be allow'd that Expression, to the Knowledge of the World, who rather than take more Pains, would be content with their Ignorance, and search into nothing.

To carry on this honest Cheat, and bring People to read with Delight, the latter Part of this Paper was contriv'd, every Jot as useful as in its Kind; and, which if we may be allow'd to judge by common Acceptation, as pleasing,

It cannot but be pleasing to the Author to find both Parts of his Design so well approv'd; and therefore to those who are not equally pleas'd with both, he says, he desires those who like but one Part, to bear with the other for the Sake of those whose Judgments approve what they do not: Those that like both Parts, need nothing farther to be said to them, than that he is glad he is able to please them; and those who like neither Part, are welcome to let it alone.

It has been objected to the Author, that this Design is not new, and is only a Mimick of *Harry Care* in his Weekly Packet of Advice from *Rome*, with the *Courant* at the End of every Paper.

Such

Such Gentlemen do not tell us, whether that Work was valuable or no; they neither give their Judgment on the Design, nor on the Performance.

If that was a useful Work, well design'd, and more happily perform'd than this Author will pretend to, then these Gentlemen say nothing to our Author's Disparagement, since all the Wit of Mankind seems now to be compos'd but of Imitations, and *there is nothing new under the Sun*.

If they think that Work mean, and the Performance dull, which the present Scarcity and Value of those Collections plainly contradict; it remains for those Gentlemen to tell us, where the Meannesses are, and where the Dulness of that Author appears.

'Tis true, he had his Imperfections; and the Fury of the Times, the Poverty of Circumstances, and the unhappy Love of his Bottle, reduc'd him too low for a Man of his Capacity; but as in all the Parts of his Design, and the Length of his happy Performance, he discovered such a Spirit, such Learning, such Strength of Reason, and such a Sublime Fancy, as in which the Author of this cannot esteem himself worthy to carry his Books after him; so he shall always value this Undertaking so much the more as it resembles his; and wishes, for the Sake of the Reader, as well as himself, he could come near him in the Performance.

ADVICE from the Scandal. CLUB.

THE first Action of the Society, after what has been made Publick, is included in the following Epistle.

Gentlemen of the Society of Scandal,

I Desire your Advice in the following Case.

I am something in Tears, yet have a great Affection for my Neighbour's Wife, and she no less for me; her Husband is sensible of it, but seems indifferent, so that nothing but a few Scruples of Conscience bars my way to Enjoyment; which if you can remove, it shall be acknowledg'd by

Gentlemen,

Your humble Servant,

A. Y.

THE Author of this Letter, and Reason good, having not set his Name to it, occasion'd some Debate, whether it might be a *History* or a *Pa-*

vable; whether it was really *Matter of Fact*, or a *Story* made for a *Moral* — but as no Certainty of that could appear, it was thought fit to treat him as a *Real Person*, the Uses being the same; and upon Consideration they came to these Resolutions.

1. The Author owns himself an Old Leacher; and therefore they wonder the more he should talk of Scruples, Conscience, and the like, since Sins of old Age are more rarely repented of than those of our Youth.

2. The Older you are, Sir, the less Excuse you can have from the Temptation, since the *Youth of the Matter* is out of your Balance, and your Years add something particularly nauseous to the Crime.

3. Sir,

3. Sir, the Society advises you both to repent of the Sin of Adultery, since according to the known Text, *Matt. 5. 28.* you have as much already committed it, as if you had actually lain together.

4. As to the Husband's Indifference, it neither mends nor marrs the Matter; besides you say he only seems so; if he consents, he is as Guilty as you, betrays his Wife, opens the Door to your Sin, is accessary to his own Shame, and is both a Cuckold and a Coxcomb.

But as to *seeming indifferent*, that may be with more Designs on both of you than you are aware of; and he that seems more indifferent before, may treat you both as you deserve after 'tis done.

Or perhaps he is willing to part with his Wife, and wishes her a good Cully; or a Hundred other Snares a seemingly indifferent Husband may lay for you.

As to the Question about the Society's removing your Scruples of Conscience; they order'd the Clerk to tell you the following Story.

A poor Man's Cow had gotten into a Rich Man's Corn, and he put her into the Pound; the poor Man offer'd Satisfaction, but the Rich Man insisted on unreasonable Terms, and both went to the Justice of the Peace; the Justice advis'd the Man to comply, for he could not help him; at last the Rich Man came to this Point; he would have 10*s.* for the Dammage, — and will you have 10*s.* says the poor Man, for Six Pennymorth of Damage? Yes I will, says the Rich Man; Then the Devil will have you, says the Poor Man; well, says the Rich Man, Let the Devil and I alone to agree about that, give me the 10*s.*

Thus as to your Scruples of Conscience, Sir; the Devil and you must agree about that, we can't remove them for you.

By the following Letter, it seems, our Society not being vers'd in the Bakers Trade, has done some Prejudice to that Fraternity, in giving an Answer to a Question about the Assize of Bread, *Review N^o. 58.* where we said the Reason why the Lord Mayor's Orders were not observ'd, was because the Bakers were K——s and the Magistrates

Now it seems the Fact here runs against the Law; which because it is not very common in England, is here inserted at Large in two several Letters on that Head, tho' otherwise the Subject had been thought too mean for this Place.

TO give you a direct Answer to what you desire about the Bakers in your *this Days Review*; 'tis necessary for you to know, that there has been a long Controversie between my Lord Mayor and the Bakers, upon the Assize of Bread, granted upon some old Orders of Common Council, many Ages ago; wherein it was order'd, that the Bakers should sell no Bread but what was made up into 6 Penny, 12 Penny, and 18 Penny Loaves; but about Twenty Years ago, it began to be a Custom among some of them, to make their Loaves, Peck, Half Peck, and Quartern Loaves. The People seeing the Advantage of this to them, for their more easily discovering the Cheats of the Bakers, ran all upon the latter sorts, and would some time after, hardly buy a Loaf; but what was made up to that Weight; for as they knew, that a Peck should always weigh 18 Pounds, Half Pecks 9 Pounds, and Quartern 4½; so they could see whether their
Baker

Baker sold them Bread as cheap as others, and they were not puzzled with the Alterations of the Weight, to know whether they had their Due.

This soon made all the rest of the Bakers follow this Example, if they would have any Trade, and they were sure to be troubled for it every Year by the Mayor; till at last, one hardier than the rest, stood it out against Sir Humphrey Edwin, and in a Trial cast him; since which, they have not had any Disturbance; it being thought reasonable, that if the People have their Due, it should be made up into what Quantities they Please.

After this 'tis Expected you will retract the Censure of them, and their Custom; and own, that tho' there is hardly a Trade more Subject to Reproach than theirs; yet that it is now the least possible for them, above any, to be Guilty of any Abuse in their Way, without manifest and immediate Detriment to themselves; and you may be further assur'd from me, who am One, that the Bakers could much rather comply with my Lord Mayor's Order, if the People would be content, and would thereby be assur'd of a much greater Profit, than they need or now have.

Sir,

Your Humble Unknown

Septemb. 23.

1704.

J. S.

SIRS,

When Men have rais'd Scruples in the Minds of others, they ought to endeavour their Satisfaction; Now, Gentlemen, I am a Baker by Trade, and by Reading your Answer to the Letter, relating to the Assize of Bread. Review, 58 am forc'd to this Dilemma, either to quit my Calling, Or, follow it under the Opprobrious Character of K——e. For, should I put in Practice the Order of the Magistrates in the Weekly Bill, and make none but

Assize-Bread, I should soon lose all my Customers, and be forc'd to shut up Doors; And, on the other Hand, if I still persist in my present Practice, You, Gentlemen, have been pleas'd to inform (but how justly I leave to your selves) the World, that I, with the rest of the Fraternity, are K——e. Your Direction in this Difficulty, how to proceed, will very much oblige,

Gentlemen,

Your Humble Servant

C. T.

Septemb. 26.

1704.

The Letters Explain the Case so well, that the Society thought fit to add nothing to them; but made some other Resolves, which may be of use in different Cases; as,

1. That Laws ought to be altered or repeal'd as Use, Experience, and other Circumstances may alter the Occasion.

2. That Laws, as they are made for the Ease, Regulation, and Convenience, of the People; so when the same Ease, Regulation, and Convenience require, must be omitted, disobey'd, and laid by, as useless and obsolete to the End for which they were made, ceasing and by circumstances being made void.

3. That 'tis the Duty, of the Magistrates of the City, either to alter the Laws of Assize, if it be in their Power; or to represent the Occasion of it, to those whose Power it is to alter the same.

4. That the Magistrates ordering an Assize of Bread, contrary to the Usage, Custom, and Reason of the Trade, is Absurd, and Ridiculous; and to give trouble to any Tradesmen on that Account, is Petulant, Querulous and Unjust.

The

The following Letter, seems to be Written rather by the Lady's Lover, than by the Lady herself; and tho' the Society are oblig'd to answer in the Stile of the Letter, yet they cannot but so Direct their Opinion, as to reach in both Cases.

S I R S,

I Have very often entertain'd a Gentleman upon his Honourable Addressee, and at the same time, had no Reason to object against him, as to my own account; but my Step-father by his rough Perswasion, and Artifices, (tho' he has no more Title to dispose of me, than the Man in the Moon; my Fortune being at my own Disposal) has endeavour'd to Gull me to a Condescension of Marrying a Stranger of his finding out, (who, he says is more Worthy;) Pray, Gentlemen, be pleas'd in your next Review, to give your Opinion, which of the two Persons I ought in Conscience to make my Husband, and it will be a great Favour conferr'd upon

A S T R E A.

Hackney, Sept. 23.

1704.

Truly, Madam, the Society observes, you seem to be a Lady of very indifferent Discretion, to enquire whether you ought to choose a Husband by your own Judgment, or by the Opinion of One, who has no more to do with you than the Man in the Moon?

But after all, Secondly, it seems this Step-Father does not act unfairly neither, for he only perswades you to One, who he says is most Worthy of you.

Now if it be only, that he would have you have the Man, that is most Worthy of you, You are shrewdly hurt indeed by your Father-in-Law.

The short of the Story is, Madam, which of the Gentlemen is most Worthy,

and that's the Man, you ought to consider of.

But besides this, Madam, the Society are something Nice in an Answer to this Question, and as you say, you are at your own disposal, they are of an Opinion, there is a certain Trifle not much thought of in Modern Marriages, call'd LOVE; and they can by no means dispense with it, but are of the Opinion, you ought to examine which of those Gentlemen you Love best?

'Tis true, Affection is not always Grounded upon Merit; but still they reckon Love so Essential to the Happiness of a Conjugal State, that however absurdly that Unaccountable Passion may be Grounded, they think a Woman ought to choose a Man She Loves best; let the Qualifications of the other Pretender be what they will.

If She has not Discretion to govern Her Affections, by the real Merit of the Person, that's her Misfortune; but 'tis most certain, She will be but indifferently Happy with the Man, to whose Person She is indifferent before.

And this they take to be what was meant by the Ancients, when they represented Love Hoodwink'd and Blind; and 'tis owing to the Wisdom of Providence, the want of Wit makes some People Love those that want Merit; which if it were otherwise, would leave the Fools on both sides in a Strange uncoupl'd Case?

The Lady however, in the Letter here mention'd, supposing it to be as She mentions, is advis'd, first to Love the Man best which really is most deserving; and then to Marry him She Loves best.——

The Author of this Supplement, could not but think it very agreeable to place

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an Ingenious Letter and Poem, immediately after this Story ; it has lain before the Society some time : and as it needs no Observations, it had their Order subjoyn'd, as very well Worthy to be plac'd as it is.

Gentlemen,
YOU have all of you heard of, nay, I don't doubt but some of you may have felt too, the Power of a certain Blind Deity, who makes no little Bustle in the World ; but it may be questioned, whether you have at any time had a more certain Account than my self, how he came by that Blindness.

I shall make no Scruple to tell you, that I have no Notion of a Deity's being born blind ; the Reflection therefore which has embarrass'd me, is, by what Accident he came so : To my great Tribulation I may speak it, I have in vain search'd antient Records to discover the Truth of this matter ; and I must own, that wherever I met with any Footsteps of him, they have only serv'd to confirm me that he was blind, but have not pointed at the manner how he came so.

I was once so enraged at the small Success of my Inquisition, that I was going peremptorily to pronounce, (maugre all my former Notions to the contrary) that either his Godship, or his Votaries, had been blind ab Origine. But remembering the Temple of his Mother at Cyprus, (where some People think he was born) I presently undertook the Voyage, to learn the Truth from her Priests ; but when I arriv'd there, to

my great Vexation and Disappointment, I found them (even like Priests of other Gods) totally abandon'd to a Supine Ignorance and Luxury.

I perceiv'd it was in vain to expect History or Records, where there was not so much as Decency and Order ; for not the Face of a Book appear'd amongst them, except Ovid de Arte amandi, and a Diary for Bastard-Children. There were indeed some Imperfect Traditions amongst them, which had been so often handed about from Father to Son, that there did not appear to be a Word of Truth in them ; so I prepar'd to content my self with the Fate of most other Travellers, i. e. to come home, no wiser than I went out.

Now, Gentlemen, you may suppose, that a Person of my Erudition and Capacity, could not but have made some Observations through the Countries as I pass'd, which possibly might be useful to the Publick, at least they might amount to as much as some Accounts I have seen lately in Octavo, but Mum for that ; 'tis not my Business to point at any Body. I was once in the mind to have sent you my Observations notwithstanding ; but as I told you before, I don't love to tire my Friends with a fine Description of nothing worth the knowing. To conclude, Gentlemen, for I don't use to be so long in my Epistles, I luckily touch'd at France in my Return, where meeting with the Ingenious De la Fontaine, he gave me the best Hint I met withal, which he pleas'd to take as follows.

The History of LOVE's Blindness.

ALL Things in Love are Mysteries,
 Conceal'd alike from Fools and wise ;
 Nor shall I here pretend to show
 The Meaning of his Darts and Bow.
 How 'tis, the Artful God, tho' Blind,
 Sees every Secret of the Mind ;

Knows when our Passions rapid Flood,
 Rais'd by Spring-Tydes of Youthful Blood,
 Is more or less dispos'd to take
 The soft Impression he wou'd make.
 How 'tis with an unerring Skill
 He arms against it self, the Will.
 These Points to solve, I say, my Muse
 Do's suitable Supplies refuse,
 Says 'tis enough for me to tell
 How Loss of Sight that God beset;
 And in a plain Historic Way
 The Consequences to display,
 Which did that fatal Chance ensue,
 If all that's said thereon be true.

Folly and *Love* upon a Day
 Were accidentally at Play,
 At which their Godships disagree,
 (For Gods like Men have Enmity)
Cupid, inflam'd with Anger fell,
 Wou'd needs to higher Powers appeal,
 Mov'd in *Olympus* to convene
 The most puissant *Sanhedrim*;
 Who best cou'd judge, who best did know
 To settle things in *Statu quo*;

But *Folly*, eager of Revenge,
 Of which he vow'd to have his swinge;
 The Process of a Court declin'd,
 Being too slow, as he opin'd;
 For Injuries so great and bold,
 (How *Folly*'s not to be controul'd)
 Therefore with Fury on his Foe,
 He did discharge a deadly blow;
 Which made his *Cyprian* Excellence,
 As Poets sing, wink ever since.

Venus, allarm'd at this Adventure,
 To the Assembled Gods did enter,
 Tearing her Hair, and her Chemise,
 And pow'ring out such Complaints as these.
 Hear, ye immortal Powers, she cry'd,
Venus was never yet deny'd;
 When she with Prayers and Tears did move
 The kind, the all consenting *Jove*;

To spare the young *Acrisian* Boy,
 Her Dear, her last Remains of *Troy*;
 But now a greater Sorrow calls
 A wretched Mother to these Walls;
 My Darling Son, the King of Hearts,
 Who to all Beings, Love imparts,
 By a curs'd Folly is become,
 As Eye-less as your Grace's Bum.

O Father *Jove*, let Vengeance fall
 On this offending Criminal;
 For if you here supinely sit,
 And Injuries like these permit:
 Who will hereafter Deference pay,
 Or Incence on your Altars lay?

The Gods, considering her Request,
 And Wisely weighing what was best,
 Resolv'd, That to atone the blow,
 Which *Folly* did on *Love* bestow;
 He should henceforth for ever prove,
 A Guide to the blind God of Love.

Gentlemen,

Sept. 19.
 1704.

Your most humble Servant,

D A M O N.

The Recorder of a Certain City, in one of the Counties, next adjoining to *Middlesex*, being the same mentioned in *Review* N^o 63. was summon'd before the Society.

The Charge was something new, *viz.* That he had, contrary to Decency and Brotherly Respect, bound one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace over to the Sessions, and also Levy'd Money of him with unusual Rudeness and Incivility, both being Justices of the Peace in the same County.

His Worship, the Recorder, readily appearing, told the Society the Fact was true, Abstracted from the Adverbs of Rudely, Uncivilly, Unneighbourly, and the like; for that he was reduc'd, by the said Brother Justice, to an absolute Necessity of putting the Law in Execution, or denying Justice to his Neighbours; the Case being as follows.

The Justice falling out with an Honest, Substantial Citizen, ruffles him in the Street, and drew his Sword upon him; the

the By-standers took care to take the wicked Weapon from him, and then he Challenges the Honest Man to fight him, strikes him two or three times with his Whip, and used all the possible Liberty of his Tongue to Provoke him; as thus, *D—n ye, I am a Justice of the Peace, you D—g, and I have struck you three times, why don't you fight me?* This he follow'd with about 20 Oaths more, and all not provoking the Man, he strips, pulls off his Coat, Linnen, Perriwig, &c. and falls on the Man with the Butt-end of his Whip; the Shopkeeper, unwilling to hurt his Lordship, but forc'd to it by this violence, bestow'd a dusting upon him, and fairly thresh'd him to his Heart's Content; and when he had done, carried him before this Gentleman, the Recorder of the City, demanding Justice upon him, which he could not deny, and so bound him over.

As to Levying Money, &c. that was upon Conviction of his profane Swearing, which also he could not refuse, *being not disposed to take a Negative Oath in the Case;* besides, he affirm'd this Gentleman had frequently been Fin'd for like Crimes, and had been Presented for such horrid Disorders by the Grand Jury, that some Justices of the Peace refused to Act while he is on the Bench, who is such a shame to the Office, and a Breaker of the Publick Peace.

The Apology the Gentleman made, was so Just, his Defence so Clear, and the Case so Remarkable, the Society Voted;

1. That this Gentleman had Honourably discharg'd his Office, and Acted like a Man of Honour, Courage and Justice.

2. They heartily wish'd there were as many Justices of the Peace, willing, and ready to Act in the same manner, as there are Vicious Magistrates, who deserve Punishment in the same kind.

3. They directed the Gentlemen, who inform'd them of this Case, to observe what Course the Bench of Justices take with this Bully Magistrate, at the Quarter Sessions, and to Report the Particulars to the Society, for their further Direction in this Affair.

4. They directed him also to Enquire how long this R—ke has been a Justice of the Peace and by whose Recommendation he was put in.

The following Letter, &c. was sent the Society sometime since, and is Ordered to be Published as it is, without any remarks, the Elegance of the Latin, will speak for it self.

S I R,

I Am well pleas'd with your Politicks, and think you do well to convince the World, That the King of Sweden, is either a Tool of France, or accidentally a great Promoter of Her Treachery and Ambition; and for which I give you my thanks.

Notwithstanding, you tell us, you had rather have English Poetry; I have this once sent you some Latin, and the next I assure you shall be in our own Language. You and I differ in some Sentiments; but I hope you will not be so much a Party-man, as to refuse the Paper enclosed on that account.

count, which I hope will be no discredit to
yours. You will see, if the Publication
be seasonable, that it must be as soon as
may be; and if you will take care to have

'em truly Printed and Corrected, you will
much oblige,

Sir,

Sept. 16.
1704.

Your unknown
Humble Servant.

DEviçtâ omninò Acie Gallicâ & Bavaricâ
Et Classe nupèr tantùm non fusa & fugatâ,
Te non esse *Immortalem Virum*,
Sed *Mortalem & Homuncionem*,
O *LODOIX*, necesse est fatearis.
Tholosani Comitris vulneratum caput,
Eum non esse *Jovis Ammonis* filium,
Triste est Argumentum.
Et Captivorum Caterva Ducum,
Et *Plenemici Campi* Gallico Sanguine perfusi,
Et *Danubii* flumen cadaveribus impeditum,
A signis demigrasse tuis *Victoriam*
Et in *Meliorem* se transtulisse *Causam*
Manifestò docent.

Æqui Dii, Scelerumq; Ultiores
Te tandem *Pestem Europæ* teterrimam offenderunt,
Et eas, quibus dignus es, pœnas exegerunt,
Et Seipsos, serò licet, absolverunt.
O *ROKE*, *Angliæ* Desiderium & Ornamentum,
Tua dextra Imperterrita
Non solùm nobis sed & tibi
Nomen nunquam moriturum Comparavit.
Et tu, Illustrissime *MARLBORO*,
Cui Heroum turma assurgit,
Non minùs *Angliacæ*, quam *Inviçtissimæ ANNÆ*
(*Reginarum optimæ & Maximæ*)
Et tuæ famæ consuluisti.

I nunc, *LODOIX*, & Te *Deum* more tuo soleannitèr canta,
Et fictis triumphis & simulatis festis
Servili luctum depelle Genti.
At scias Superos, fucatæ pietatis Vindices,
Plures tibi tuisq; Hujusmodi *Victorias*,
Cum tibi sint adeò gratæ,
Dono daturus.

Since

Since it was Published in our Review, that the Society would take any Ingenious Essay in *English* Verse, as well as *Latin*, to be both useful and profitable to the Readers, more understanding the one Language than the other; the Ingenious Author of a Meditation upon Death in *Latin*, Printed in the Review No. 56, has been pleas'd to send us the same Paraphras'd, as follows; which tho' they cannot exceed his *Latin*, yet deserve a Place in our first Attempt of this sort.

A Meditation upon D E A T H; Paraphras'd into English.

I.

O Grateful Rest of Sleep!
 So like thy Younger Brother Death,
 That takes away and gives us Breath,
 Another Life eternally to keep.
 Death's sleep is longest, and the sweetest Rest,
 Therefore more grateful Quiet, and the best.
 But Oh the Soul! That spark and particle of God!
 Doth upward fly
 Above the Sky,
 To joyn it's Fellow-natives in the Seats above,
 There Blest to Live, and Sing, and Love;
 It neither sleeps, nor nothing is, nor doth it Die,
 But there hath chang'd Eternal Comforts for the Rod.

II.

Into this Body now it doth disdain,
 'Erre to return again.
 It's Prison broke
 That fleshly Yoke,
 And to it's Kindred Heaven now restor'd,
 It doth in Glory Shine,
 All Light, and all Divine,
 With Saints and Angels, all with one accord:
 It triumphs there, and with inspired Joys,
 Looks down with scorn on these inferiour Toys.

III But

III.

But yet the happy time will come,
 When Death's imperious Doom,
 Shall lose it's Sting, and Darknefs Chains unbind,
 Resign the Trust
 Lock'd up in Dust,
 And so a Glorious Resurrection find ;
 This Body never more to Die,
 It self become a Deity ;
 Refin'd from Dross, and this Worlds Cares,
 From Sorrow free, false Friends, and Fears,
 In Glory shines, and puts on Immortality.

IV.

O happy Gift of Death, by Mercy Blest,
 And made the Gate unto Eternal Rest !
 There in bright Regions we
 Shall Saints and Angels see,
 And God himself in Majesty :
 The Bridegroom's Presence there enjoy,
 Joys that no Fulness e're shall cloy,
 Nor Time it self destroy :
 The Glories there shall have no End,
 Nothing can lessen, nothing mend ;
 In mutual Flames of Love we'll Live, and Sing
 Eternal Praises to th' Eternal King.

V.

This Life is Sorrow all, Death's the true Light,
 The Spring of Life
 And end of Strife,
 That leads unto the Mansions bright,
 Where all is Peace, and all Delight :
 How vain's this brittle Life? How foolish Man ?
 Mistaken Pleasures grasps,
 That are but poysonous Asps,
 And perishable Gold
 Prefers before his Soul,
 Duller than Beasts, that nothing understand :
 In all he proves his own worst Enemy,
 Then only Wise, when he begins to Dye.

V. This

VI.

'This World is cruel ; happy 'tis to Die :
 There a surviving Life
 Will end the wrangling strife ;
 End the unwilling fond dispute,
 And this World's Vanity confute
 With solid proofs of true Eternity
 From happy Stations there,
 To Miserable here,
 None would return to Mortal Men,
 Though to be here a King agen.
 Such difference is
 'Twixt Woe and Bliss ;
 Here Crown of Thorns, a Crown of Glory there ;
 There true Fruition reigns, here sad Despair.

VII

Grant me, good God, an easy End,
 And Death my truest Friend
 O friendly Death ! to close my Eyes,
 Will likewise close my Miseries.
 Then shall my better part ascend above,
 Transported on the Wings of Love,
 And wait the joyful Trumpets Sound
 To raise my Body from the Ground,
 When they shall both unite in everlasting Bliss.
 Mean time, the pretty Bird, my Soul,
 Surmounting all terrene Controul,
 With Songs is welcom'd by the heavenly Quire,
 Who of their Own be'ing sure, Our happiness desire,
 And my Arrival's publish'd round the Skies.

VIII.

Thus by Our Saviour's Death the Victory
 For us obtained is ;
 Redeem'd by him alone
 (First-fruits of Resurrection)
 And gives us Title to that Bliss
 Which shall improve, and last to all Eternity.

And thus we triumph o're the Grave,
 Though there our Bodies seem to putrifie,
 Perserv'd and glorified we have :
 And Death it self (once terrible) doth conquer'd lye,
 Trophy of Mercy, and no less of Majesty.

The Society has for a long time omitted Reproving a Certain Incurrigible; and hop'd all the News Writers would be pleas'd to think it worth their while to Correct their Mistakes; but they are so earnestly Solicited by Letters, against some of them, that they are oblig'd to Print the Particulars, to avoid the Scandal of being brib'd to Silence; at the same time heartily wishing the said Author would Revise and Correct, as all Men of Sence willingly do; and which, if he thought worth his while, the Society would as Publickly Acknowledge, as ever they Censur'd him.

Among many Observations equally absurd, the Society agreed at the Request of the Authors, to give these two following, a Room in this Supplement.

I Presume, Gentlemen, you have seen Flying-Coaches as well as I: But pray did you ever hear of a Sailing-Coach in your Lives, that can Sail 3 or 4 Leagues out at Sea, and back again, like any Ship? or than can run upon the Water, just as I remember they did cross the Thames in the great Frost! If not (as I humbly conceive you han't) you may find this admirable invention lately discover'd by the most Accurate and Ingenious Author of the London-Post.

London-Post, London, Sept. 29. "On Monday Her Majesty's Coach went down to St. Hellens, to receive Sir George Rook, who the next day came to Court, where he was receiv'd first by P. George

with great Tokens of Affection and Honour; next by Her Majesty, very Graciously; and afterwards the Complements of the whole Court, upon his late Victory over the French Fleet in the Mediterranean.

The same Worthy Gentleman has also in this well writ Article, quite overthrown an old Honest Axiom, which if I forget not, used to be very current at Oxford; and asserts a Body may be in two Places at once; for he tells you, Sir George Rook was at Windsor on Tuesday; and yet we are assur'd he was that very day at Portsmouth, whence he did not set out till Wednesday Morning. Post-Man, Sept. 30.

For God's sake, Gentlemen, let this insufferable Blunderer once more have the Correction of your Club. And I cou'd wish, that as part of his Punishment for Nonsense and Falshood in the beginning of this Paragraph, he might be put to make Sence of the latter end on's. I know you have already bestow'd great Pains to no purpose, upon this wretched Scribler: Try him once more, and if he still Writes on at this vile rate, let him be enter'd at the Head of your Incurrigibles, and Publick Notice given, that none but F——ls are to read or believe him.

Sept. 30.

1704

I am,

Gentlemen, Yours, &c.

TIS true, Gentleman, you have deservedly inserted the Author of the London-Post amongst the Incurrigibles; and it is endless to take Notice of every Blunder he commits; but they have been so numerous and exemplary of late, it is impossible, in common Charity, to pass'em

over in silence. Besides his depriving the Elector of Bavaria of his Title, and making him dead in Law, without any Warrant from the Emperor or Diet, and 1000 other inconsistencies; He tells in his Express of this day, That Traerbach is going to be Besieg'd; now the Query is, whether the Town runs upon Wheels or no, whether it will go to the Landg. of Hesse, or the Duke of Marlborough; or whether either of them have got an Amphion or an Orpheus in their Camp, that by their Melody can decoy it into their Possession?

These Questions, Gentlemen, I hope you will resolve in your next.

Sept. 23. Your humble Servant,
1704.

X. Z.

The Observations of like Nature, with this, on some of the rest of our *New-Makers*, the Society for want of Room, have Adjourned to a farther Occasion; when *Flying-Post, Post-Boy, Master-Mercuries, Cou-*

rants, &c. may all have part of their Due.

The Society, being naturally Lovers, and consequently Encouragers of Poetry; could not deny the following Lines a Place in this *Supplement*; since as they are all Nature, *meerly so*, without the help, or Introduction of Art; some of our Men of Verse, and Vanity may see, what Lamentable Stuff they impose upon the World, under the pretence of Study and Capacity; and how much Inferiour it is, to the product of an Unimbelish'd, but Lively Fancy.

I The Baker, who sometime since, sent you an Apology for my Brethren; having again taken the Pen into my hands, and being inspir'd, with a Blast of Poetick Fire, which happened to come out of my Oven, have thus expressed the desires of my Soul; if this proves tolerable, You may hear farther from

Yours,

J. S.

O Marlborough great in Shining Arms,
Darling of Fortune and of Power,
The Empire saving from Alarms,
Their Peace at length thou didst restore.
No more th' Invading Sword appears,
No more contending Armies Rage;
Disturb their Rest, and raise their Fears,
But thou dost all their Pains assuage.
O may thou thus restore our State,
And save from threatned Ills this Land,
From Faction, Pride, and Party-Hate,
Which hov'ring o're the Nation stand.
Crush the fell Monsters in the Birth,
And Unity and Love restore:
Let Sacred Peace adorn the Earth,
And Tyranny oppress no more.

The Society find themselves under, a necessity of owning a Debt, which was so long ago Contracted, That Time, and an

extraordinary Throng of other Matters Occasion'd them to forget it. The Contents may be seen in the following Letter.

Gentlemen of the Scandal Club.

THE Author of the Review, having been Guilty of a Breach of a Publick Promise, (which we account Scandalous) made in the Review N^o. 2: wherein he tells the World, that the first considerable matter that came before the Society, was concerning Bartholomew-Fair; the proceedings whereupon he referr'd to this late Fair, which is now past, and no Notice taken thereof in any of his Papers; You are desired to cite him before the Club, next sitting; to warn him either to perform his Promise, or to suffer among the rest of his Neighbours, for such like Practises.

Gentlemen,

Sep. 14.

1704.

Your humble Servant,

J. S.

To this Charge, the Author pleads Guilty, owns the Debt, and promises Payment, but desires time. And since the Subject is lasting, and will keep Cold, he hopes a Years Payment, may be no great Damage; and upon this forbearance, he promises to Pay Interest.

Besides if the Debt be too severely insisted on, he pleads that the Fair is not yet done; for the L—M—, having made his whole Year a Stage Play, a meer Bartholomew-Fair Farce; perhaps the World may in Time see, the Diverting History, Digested into a Journal, and no Man ought to expect the Book till the Fair is over.

A Certain Man in Preaching Orders, whether Episcopal or otherwise, the Society leaves undetermin'd, with Respect to the Dignity of his Office, was brought before the Society, for Beating a poor weak-headed Fellow in the Town where he liv'd.

The Gentleman told them it was true, he did kick the Fellow, but it was for abusing him; and that the Fellow being foolish, but withal very impudent, would never pass him without some Insolence or other; and among the rest had call'd him Thief.

The Man being call'd in, appear'd to be something foolish indeed, that is, he had Wit enough to speak Truth, but not Sense enough to hide it; being charg'd with the Fact, he readily own'd it, and said, he thought he might safely call him Thief; for that there were but Two publick Wh—es in— Naming the Town where the Man of Letters studied, and he stole them both away, and kept them together in his House.

The Innocence of the Fellow, his offering to name Particulars, the Old Proverb, *Children and Fools*, &c. all concurring to make the Society give Credit to it; The Gentleman withdrew in a Passion, and he was ordered to be entred, *Among the Sons of God, that go in to the Daughters of Men*.

Tho' Bartholomew Fair has not come before the Society this Year, as is hinted before, yet the following Occasion brought a Person before them from Southwark.

S I R,

THE Author of a certain Piece of Theatrical Entertainment, went last Saturday to see his Play perform'd in Southwark, for the Diversion, and by Order of Mr. Fuller; there happen'd one Expression to Illustrate a good Front, viz. Carry it with all the Impudence of Fuller, which the Evidence resented, but first sent for the Play-Book, to see if there were any such Word in it; finding it true,

send=

sent the Author a Challenge, which put him into such Consternation, that he forgot he ever wrote such Words, and humbly beg'd his Pardon, and Vow'd his Innocence, as to the Imputation of ever designing to reflect on so worthy a Person. Now pray resolve, if he, as a Brother Author has it, I wear my Pen, as others wear a Sword, ought not to be delivered from the Luggage of such a troublesome Badge of Gentility as a Sword; and in its Stead, have a Bunch of Quills tied to his left Side, as a just Emblem of his Profession and peaceable Disposition. Pray let's have the Opinion of your Club, and you'll oblige

Yours,

Southwark, Sept. 3.

1704.

J. B.

The Society upon this Case resolv'd,

1. That Mr. F—— ought not to have been affronted at the Expression, till he had got a Certain Vote of the House of Commons repeal'd.

2. They think the Player ought not to have his Sword taken away, because being so much a Coward, there's no Danger of his doing any Harm with it.

The following Letter has been before the Society some time, on the Subject of the Victory; and tho' they thought to have made no more Publications on that Head, yet as they think it cannot be too often remembred, they are loth to discourage the Ingenious Heads of the Times, only wish, as before, they would oblige us with a little of their Mother-Tongue too, for the Benefit of those that cannot read the Latin.

S I R,

Your just Remarks on the French and Swedish Affairs, are so consonant to Reason; that no one, who is not willingly blind, can refrain returning you Applauses due to your generous Undertaking; and since you are pleas'd to give us Verses sometimes in Detriment to your own better Thoughts; if the following can be admitted into your next Saturdays Review, you'll extreamly oblige,

Your very humble Servant, &c.

Wednesday
Seven at Night.

B. R.

*Aid Regem Gallicam exultantem, & Te Deum, ob debellatam Confederatorum
Classem in Divinis, canentem.*

AH Delire Senex! Victus Victorq; triumphas;
Et veras Lachrymas gaudia ficta tegunt.
Impossuisse tuis satis est: vis ludere Divos?
Hoc semper vincas, O Lodovico modó.

The following Lines to the Queen, upon the same Subject, have Merit enough in them to deserve their Place here.

*In celeberriman Victoriam apud Hochsted in Germania, Anglorum Auxiliis &
Ductu reportatam.*

R E G I N Æ.

Alma Salus fociis, lætis Astræa Britannis,
Europæ libram docta tenere manu.
Cujus vel premere arbitrio, vel tollere Lances,
Fata haud immeritò visa dedisse tibi.
Quam penes imperium pelagi sceptrumque trifulcum
Demissum priscis quod tibi venit avis.
Quæ tam longinquæ gentes, quæve ora repostâ
Quin metuat vires, aut tibi poscat opem.
Hinc tibi Danubius plaudit victricibus undis,
Sentit & auxiliis libera colla jugo.
Hinc tibi submittit domitum caput ardua Calpe,
Classibus invictum & nil putat esse tuis.
Centa tibi oppositos pandet Maurusia portus,
Herculeum venit sub tua jura fretum.
Quin tacite votis tibi gens gratatur Ibero,
Vindice te properam quæ sibi sperat opem.
O felix cujus faustis ventura triumphis,
Lætitia haud aliis, quam tibi parta minor.
Gallia visa diu notos oblita Britannos,
Temporis antiqui seu meminisse nefas.
Exciderant animo prorsus Pictavia castra,
Tristisque Aginii quæ data terga fugæ.
Cresciaci quondam campi, victusque Philippus,
Regnata & nostris regibus ora diu.
Pigram ferre olim perhibent obliviam Lethen,
Danubii latices at meminisse docent.
O hominum spes fallaces, & inania vota,
Dum recti immemores ambitione tument!
Sollicitat gentes hic sævo Marte quietas,
Bellum fert aliis, exitiumq; suis.
Quæque hodiè rapuit cras sorte amittit iniqua,
At misera interea plebs male sana gemit.
Injustis forsân si quid paulum unguibus hæret,
Nonne futura serit bella necesque suis.

Discite iustitiam mortales, discite rectum,
 Nati cuique piâ ferre levamen ope.
 Regina Albionis sortem miserata caducam,
 Europæ, hostiles temnere sueta minas.
 Ultero mittit opem, ripis videt accola Rheni,
 Undare ignotas, signa Britanna, cruces.
 Miratus tectasque vias & provida cœpta,
 Successu hæc, inquit, non caritura suo.
 Malborius docuit Sociatas vincere gentes,
 Fios cui Gallorum turpia terga dedit.
 Non solitæ valuerunt artes, munitaq; castra,
 Hæc spernit Britonum vincere docta manus.
 Hostilis animos libertas patria subdit,
 Et vetat ignava, ducere bella morâ.
 Danubius gentis miratur fortia corda,
 Hostili oppletis corpore lætus aquis.
 Malboriumq; videns sedato pectore ostantem,
 Jure, inquit, detur querna corona tibi.
 Ipse salus nobis, ipsumque Europa saluti,
 Victorem meritò dixerit esse sibi.
 Commisit Nereus Tamesis, tibi jure tridentem;
 Terra quidem jussus visa subire tuos.
 Quam bene dux patrius victrices ducere turmas,
 Norit? quis pudor est jussu aliena sequi?
 Fer placidè, Tallarde, tuam, dux inclite, sortem,
 Ante diu Reges quam subière tui.
 Arma foris frustra cauto ni pectore detur,
 Consiliis cui sint cœpta regenda domi.
 Hoc, Pembroke, tibi munus, te Præsìde, visa est,
 Fortuna instabiles dedidicisse vices.
 Puppe sedens certum dubio regis æquore clavum,
 Fuscina visa tuas posse decere manus.
 O doctum pectus! per quas ascenderis artes
 Ipse colis, curæ sit tua turba tibi.
 Sic Tamesin Rodano cernas dare jura superbo,
 Agnoscat Dominam Caletiumque suam.

The following Letter, if the Fact be true, has many good Morals to be drawn from it, and is diverting enough.

Gentlemen,

THE Impartial Justice, which all Men receive, that make their Application to you, Encourages the Injur'd, to apply themselves to you for Redress; when it is not to be had elsewhere; which is the Case at present of an Honest Roman Catholick Gentleman, who is above Seventy Years Old, a Man of Sense and Wealth, two Qualities not easily found in the same Person; he is very Religious too in his Way, for he daily frequents the Ambassador's Chapel in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where on Wednesday Last he met with a Notorious Affront from the Ambassador's Cook, just at the Chapel Door; for without any other Provocation, than what is ordinary in a Crowd, this Cholerick Saucy Cook gave him a swinging Box on the Ear. This is the Matter of Fact, and a Scandalous one too; and therefore the Fitter to be laid before the Gentlemen of the Scandalous Club. Now give me leave to propose some Queries which naturally arise from this Fact.

First, I desire to know whether such a Box on the Ear, so near the Church, be not enough to make a Man stagger in his Religion? Next, whether the Ambassador's Courtesy and the Cook's Rudeness do not in some measure confirm the Old English Proverb, of giving a Man Roast Meat, and beating him with the Spit? And Lastly, whether or no it be not a new Method of Excommunication, to knock a Man down at the Church Door. These are humbly submitted to your Examination.

Sep. 28.

1704.

The Society, Retolv'd all the Gentleman's Queries in the Affirmative; in the

same loose manner, as they are Stated; and added these Remarks of their own.

1. The Cook, they take for Granted, was a Portuguese, for,

(1.) That 'tis the Character of an Englishman never to Insult an Old Man.

(2.) An Englishman, never strikes without a Provocation.

2. The Cook, without any Pun upon his Office, was a Saucy Fellow; and no doubt on Complaint, to his Excellency the Ambassador, would be Punish'd.

The following Letter the Society thought might be of some particular Moment; and therefore had several Extraordinary Debates upon it.

SIR,

HAVING had Numerous Experiences, of the Vanity and Falshood of the Female Sex, and having sustained very considerable Disadvantages, by their Alluring Conversation; I desire to know the Reason why their Conversation should still have an extraordinary Influence upon me, who have had manifold Demonstrations of the ill consequence thereof? Pray, Sir, Answer me in your next Review, and give me a little Advice in this Particular.

Peregrinus.

In Answer to this Letter, the Society, Addressing the Author, say?

1. Sir, because you are a F... begging your Pardon for the Word; that knowing your Mischief, cannot help being pleas'd with it.

2. They doubt the Vice in the Tail, has the Ascendant over the Virtue in the Head; and you are led by Inclination, to contradict your Judgment.

3. There

3. There may be, some Secret Influence, from natural Connexion, something of the way of a Man with a Maid; which was too Wonderful for Solomon, which for ought we know, Remains still a Mystery among the Inscrutables of Nature.

And here the Society, remembering a Question, sent to our old Athenians in London; when they gave Notice that they would Answer Poetick Questions in Verse——, tho' they never thought fit to Answer this.

*Why do Young Men, set Maids on Fire,
As Fire inflames Salt Petre?*

*To this Your Answer me desire,
And Pray let it be in Metre.*

The two first Lines answer the Case of this Gentleman; the Fire, Sir, is on one Side, and the Salt Peter on t' other; and 'tis thought you need ask no farther Question about it.

As to giving you Advice, the Society's Directions are,

1. Put out the Fire, and then there will be no Danger of the Salt Petre.
2. Or if not that, keep them asunder.

But after all, pray why, Sir, the Falshood and Vanity of the Sex? Pray, why not the Lust, the Brutality, the Forwardness of your own Sex? Sir Roger L'Estrange in his *Æsop*, tells a good Story of an Old Woman climbing up a Pear Tree; and the Devil happening to come by, calls all the Village together to take Notice: Good People, says Old Sir Lucifer, pray observe that Old Woman there, by and by she will tumble down and bruise her Back-side, and then I shall be blam'd; pray bear Witness, I had no Hand in it; accordingly the Woman came down upon her B——ch, and there was a sad Out-

Cry, *The Devil was in't, and the Devil ow'd her a Shame*, and the like, when the Devil a Bit had he any Hand in it, as all the Town could testify.

Thus here the Women are false, and the Sex is full of Vanity, and all our Sins are laid at their Door, when the Women have the least Share in it; the Fire is our own, and the Fault is in the Fire, not in the Gunpowder.

As vicious as the Women may be, the Men must own themselves the Aggressors; and I verily believe, Modesty never yet so far abandon'd them as to make them first in the Crime; I mean also at first; if then we are the Beginners of the Sin, 'tis hard we should lay the whole Crime at their Doors.

Bribery and Partiality go always together, said the Society upon reading the following Letter, which whether the Fact be true or not, is so common in Practice, that the Society thought it very useful to publish, especially the Author's Name being at large to the Letter.

S I R,

I Desire you to send this to the Scandalous Club, of a Certain Barber near Cheap-side in the City of London, who was taken a Bed with Wh——e about one a Clock in the Morning. The Woman was sent to the Counter; but he pawning his Watch, and giving the Constable Money for keeping him from going to the Counter; the Constable takes the Money, and never sends him to the Counter.

Querie, What Punishment the Constable deserves for taking such Money, and not sending the Barber to the Counter? What Satisfaction he ought to make his Wife, for his good Behaviour? What Punishment he deserves for debauching an honest House.

D

O

Or whether he ought to be pardon'd in, Case he gives good Security that he will not do so again. In answering which, you will very much oblige,

Your Friend

and Servant,

London, Sept. 12.

1704.

Tho. Martin.

To these Queries the Society Reply,

1. The Constable ought to be sent in his Room, and made a publick Example in *Terrorem*, particularly to all those *Cheapside* Constables, who employ Deputies that make it a Trade, and continually take Money, to permit all manner of Lewdness and Debaucheries.

2. As to the Barber, and what Satisfaction he can make to his Wife, 'Tis a Question yet, perfectly Undecided, and past the Society's Skill to Resolve, How a Man can make a Wife *Amends* for *Whoring*.

Let her Wh—e too, says one that has more Inclination than Vertue—, *That's poor Revenge*; that's, as if a Man had Burnt one of his Houses down, and left his Wife but one to live on; she should Burn t'other, and Starve herself to Vex him.

There seems but one way for him, and the Society dare not Advise him to it neither, viz. To Hang himself out of the way, that she may Marry a better, or live single without the plague of a Whoremaster to her Husband.

As for Pardon, Security, and the like, the Society declares themselves at a Loss in both these Points.

1. 'Tis not resolv'd, whether a Wife can lawfully forgive a Husband, the Wrong done to the Marriage-Bed; and whether she may lawfully Lie with him after it; and the like, more especially, in the Woman.

2. as to Security, they cannot see what that signifies; since 'tis only giving Security, that he will never be found out; and unless it be discovered, the Bond cannot be Forfeited, nor very easily Sued if it be.

Mr. T. B. who desir'd an Answer to his Opinion about St. Paul's and Our Lord's last Will, seems to Claim the following Lines to be put in as a Debt due to him; the Society therefore not to have any Charge lye against them, were willing to give him the satisfaction as follows; at the same time, not at all approving his Paraphrase about the Harps of God, and the Vials full of Odours.

To the Gentlemen of the Scandal Club.

SIRS,

YOU should by right have put me in your Journal, no Papist, as well as no Jacobite; but if you please to put the inclosed in your next Review, it will be Thankfully acknowledged and taken as full Satisfaction By

Your Humble Servant,

T. B.

I. Tell

I.

TELL me, Bright *Seraph*, now we are alone,
 For none can better tell,
 Thou that diest bring our Lord's last Will,
 What is the Meaning of that shining Land,
 Methinks 'tis something odd,
 That Sea of Glass before the Throne
 Mingled with Fire, on which the Saints do stand,
 With Golden Vials in their Hand,
 Having the Harps of God?

II.

Then know, poor Youth! The Harps of God
*Are the Shrill Organs of his * Chief Abode.*
 The Place on which the Saints do tread,
The Chequer'd Marble Pavement, mix'd with Streaks of Red.
 What, do you start! Pray what's the Common Use?
 Where do Men stand and pray but in God's House?
 And know, the Golden Vials are
*Their Gilded Books of * Prayer.*
 This thou may tell, distressed Youth!
 To all the unbelieving World for Truth.

* Paul's.

* Full of O-
 dours, which
 are the *Pray-*
 ers of the
 Saints.

T. B.

Gentlemen,

IT will be but a Piece of Justice, to put
 these in the Room of those Latin Ver-
 ses sent you on the Subject, of mine formerly
 sent you; and I promise you to trouble you
 no more: Though I am sorry you should
 say the Affairs of France are not concerned
 in our Lord's Last Will; whereas it is
 most certain the King of France is more

concern'd in it than any Man in the World,
 because as Christianissimus, and Eldest
 Son of the Church, he may think himself
 injured in not being made the Executor
 thereof.

Yours,

T. B.

C O N-

C O N C L U S I O N.

THE Society expected this Supplement would have gone farther into the Stock of Business lies before them; but as it cannot be lengthened without Prejudice to the Publisher, are content to adjourn the Rest to the next.

F I N I S.

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